You haſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply;
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Qu.Ma. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar one that botled ſpider, tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole foole thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunch backt toade,
Haſt. Falſe boſting woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu.Ma. To ſerue me well, you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her ſhe is lunatique.
Qu.Ma Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobility could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu.Ma. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright ouerſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Qu.M. Vrge neither charity nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me ha
And ſhamefully by you n
My charity is outrage, life
And in my ſhame ſhall lie
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *B*
In ſigne of league and ami
Now faire befall thee and
Thy garments are not ſpo
Nor thou within the comp
Buck. Nor none heere
The lips of them that breat
Qu. Mar Ile not beleeue
And there awake Gods ge
O *Buckingham* beware of
Looke when he faunes he
His venome tooth will ran
Haue not to doe with him
Sinne, death, and hell haue
And all their miniſters atte
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay
Buck Nothing that I reſ
Qu Mar. What doeſt th
And ſooth the diuell that
O but remember this anoth
When he ſhall ſplit thy ver
And ſay poore *Margret*
Liue each of you, the ſubie
And he to you, and all of y
Haſt. My haire doth ſtan
Riu. And ſo doth mine
Glo. I cannot blame her
She hath had too much wro
My part thereof that I haue
Haſt. I neuer did her any
Glo. But you haue all th
I was too hot to doe ſome
That is to cold in thinking
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee i

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch.